war parties, and condemns criminals, but also prays, offering sacrifices toward securing rain, propitious seasons, and success in the chase for his children, as he terms his nation. He receives, contrary to the Pueblo practice, tithes for his offices, and is usually as wealthy as any member of the tribe, although by no means exempted from labor in the field or the hunt. Neither he nor his sub-chiefs wear insignia of rank about their persons, so far as I could discover.

The present head chief, Ko-hót, is nicknamed Navajo. He is a man of the most wonderful character. His portrait in profile, as I look upon it, and to the sketching of which he submitted with ease and pleasure, bears a remarkable likeness to Washington. I cannot forbear giving two instances of his judgment, which exemplify his fine sense of justice, but at the same time his unrelenting will, in any measure, however severe, for the good of his own people. When the Apache Mojaves were moved by government to San Carlos, one of them, discontented, returned through his former country, and after great suffering reached the home of the Ha-va-supaí. He expressed his wish to live with the latter people to the end of his days. Ko-hót convened a council, and after long and fair deliberation concluded that it would be offensive to the Americans should he be harbored, and endanger his own people, leading ultimately, perhaps, to their removal as well. He therefore informed the Apache that, notwithstanding he was a member of a nation of enemies, he felt for him, but could give him the choice of but two alternatives, — return to San Carlos, or death. The Apache, hoping Ko-hót would relent, replied that die he might, but return to San Carlos he never would. Ko-hót arose, then and there, without one more word, and struck him dead.

When the officers of the cavalry expedition called a council, and told Ko-hót that their mission was to determine

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